GARLAND,

OF

NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING

1. Tom Bowling.
2. The Thorn.
3. The beggar Girl.
4. The Lammy.
5. I'd think on thee, my love.
6. Love and Glory.
7. Cupid's Attributes, a Glee.

Tom Bowling.

HERE, a ſheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew,
No more he'll hear the tempeſt howling,
For death has broach'd him too;
His form was of the manlieſt beauty,
His heart was kind and ſoft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were ſo rare;
His friends were many, and true hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd ſing ſo blithe and jolly,
Ah many's the time and oft!
But mirth's is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet ſhall poor Tom find pleaſant weather,
When He who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands;
Thus death, who kings and tars diſpatches;
In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
For though his body's under hatches,
His ſoul is gone aloft.

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The Thorn.

FROM the white bloſſom'd ſloe, my dear Chloe requeſted,
A ſprig, her fair breaſt to adorn;
No by Heav'ns, I exclaim'd may I periſh,
If ever I plant in that boſom a Thorn.

Then I ſhew'd her a ring, and implor'd her to marry,
She bluſh'd like the dawning of morn;
Yes, I'll conſent, ſhe reply'd, if you'll promiſe,
That no jealous rival ſhould laugh me to ſcorn.

No by heavens; I exclaim'd may I periſh,
If ever I plant in that boſom a Thorn.

The Beggar Girl.

OVER the mountain and over the moor,
Hungry and barefoot I wander forlorn;
My father is dead and my mother is poor,
And ſhe grieves for the days that will never return;

Pity, kind gentle folks, friends of humanity,
Cold blows the wind and the night's coming on;

Give me ſome food, for my mother, for charity,
Give me ſome food, and then I will be gone.

Call me not lazy-back-beggar, and bold enough,
Fain would I learn both to knit and to ſew,
I've two little Brother's at home, when they're old enough,
They will work hard for the gifts you beſtow.
Pity, &c.

O think, while you revel ſo careleſs and free,
Secure from the wind, and well clothed and fed;
Would fortune ſo change it, how hard it would be,
To beg at a door for a morſel of bread.
Pity, &c.

The Lammy.

WHAR hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy,
Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy,

I've been by burn and flowery brae,
Meadow green, and mountain grey,
Courting o' this young thing,
Juſt come frae her mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing,
My boy Tammy,
I gat her down in yonder howe,
Smiling, on a broomy knowe,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,
For her poor mammy.

What ſaid ye to the bairn,
My boy Tammy,
I prais'd her een ſae bonny blue,
Her dimpled cheek, her cherry mou,
I pree'd it oft, as may ye true,
She ſaid ſhe'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,
My young, my ſmiling lammy,
I hae a houſe, it coſt me dear,
I've wealth o' pleniſhen an' gear,
Ye 'ſe get it a' war't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammy.

The ſmile gaed off her bonny face,
I maunna leave my mammy,
She's ge'en me meat, ſhe's ge'en me claes,
She's ge'en me comfort a' my day;—
My father's death brought mony waes—
I canna leave my mammy.

We'll take her hame and mak her fain,
My ain kind hearted lammy,
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claes,
We'll be her comfort a' her days,
The wee thing gies her hand, and ſays,—
There—gang and aſk my mammy.

Has ſhe been to kirk wi' the,
My boy Tammy?
She has been to kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her eye'?
But, O! ſhe's but a young thing,
Juſt come frae her mammy.

I'd think on the, my Love.

IN ſtorms when clouds obſcure the ſky,
And thunder roll, and lightnings fly,
In midſt of all theſe dire-alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.
The troubled main, the wind and rain,
My ardent paſſion prove:
Laſh'd to the helm, ſhould ſeas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on ev'ry ſide,
And art's in vain the ſhip to guide,
In varied ſhapes when death appears,
The thought of thee my boſom cheers.
The troubled main, the wind and rain,
My ardent paſſion prove;
Laſh'd to the helm, ſhou'd ſeas o'er-whelm,
I'd think on thee, my love.

But ſhould the gracious pow'rs be kind,
Diſpel the gloom and ſtill the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long loſt native ſhore,
No more the main, I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve;
I then with thee, ſhou'd happy be,
And think on nought but love.

Love and Glory.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth
As ever grac'd a martial ſtory,
And Jane was fair as lovely truth,
She ſigh'd for love, and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant ſtory;
Till war, their honeſt joys to blight,
Call'd him away from love, to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride,
Jane follow'd; fought! ah, hapleſs ſtory
In man's attire, by Henry's ſide,
She died for love, and he for glory!

CUPID's ATTRIBUTES.

A GLEE

TALK not of books, of dreſs of riches,
Talk not of bacchanalian joy,
For beauty 'tis which moſt bewitches,
All nature's govern'd by a boy.

At Cupid's touch, e'en hero's tremble,
To beauty, ſtories oft ſubmit,
And nothing Clara can reſemble,
Which has not beauty, love and wit.

FINIS.

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